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AN AFRICAN SEWING CLASS.

In Frere Town the colony for freed slaves set up on the east coast of Africa a few years ago there are gathered over eight hundred men, women and children, under the care and instruction of the Church Missionary Society. In this mission one of the prominent workers was Mrs. A. Downes Shaw, wife of the Rev. A. D. Shaw, and niece of Frances Ridley Havergal. One of her favorite classes in the mission was her sewing class, of which we give a portrait and of which her husband wrote the following lively description :—

"These girls are all the children of our villagers, except the big girl in the centre, who is my wife's maid and helper. When we went to Rabai we found it was the custom for the women to do all the hard work, and for the men to stay at home and stitch. This, of course, did not exactly suit my wife's idea, so she promised to teach the women to sew. But, alas! the erratic African fair ones were too much for her, for they either came in such force as to be unmanageable (more than 200 being present once) or they came not at all. So, after trying for months to get them into order, she hit on the bright plan of dividing her energies; so now she gives two afternoons a week to the bigger school-girls. These have proved most apt pupils. They have made a large patchwork quilt, sewn bags, and helped to make coats for their brothers."

Mrs. Shaw, to the sorrow of all who knew her, died last April, during a stay at the Mauritius.

ONLY CIDER.

BY ELLA ROCKWOOD.

"I saw Brother Powelson to-day, mother; and he wants a barrel of cider again this fall," said Deacon Jones one chill October evening, as he pushed back his spectacles, folded up his paper, and drew a little closer to the cheerful wood fire that was snapping and crackling upon the hearth.

"He says he'll give ten cents a gallon," he added, as his wife did not reply.

Still no remark; and the knitting-needles only clicked the faster, as the heel of the gray woollen stocking grew apace. Somehow the deacon seemed to feel a trifle uneasy. He ran his fingers through his iron-gray hair; then jumped up and stirred the fire vigorously, going to the wood-box for a fresh stick; then, as he reseated himself, his wife, looking over the tops of her silver-rimmed spectacles, asked, "And what did you tell him, Jason?"

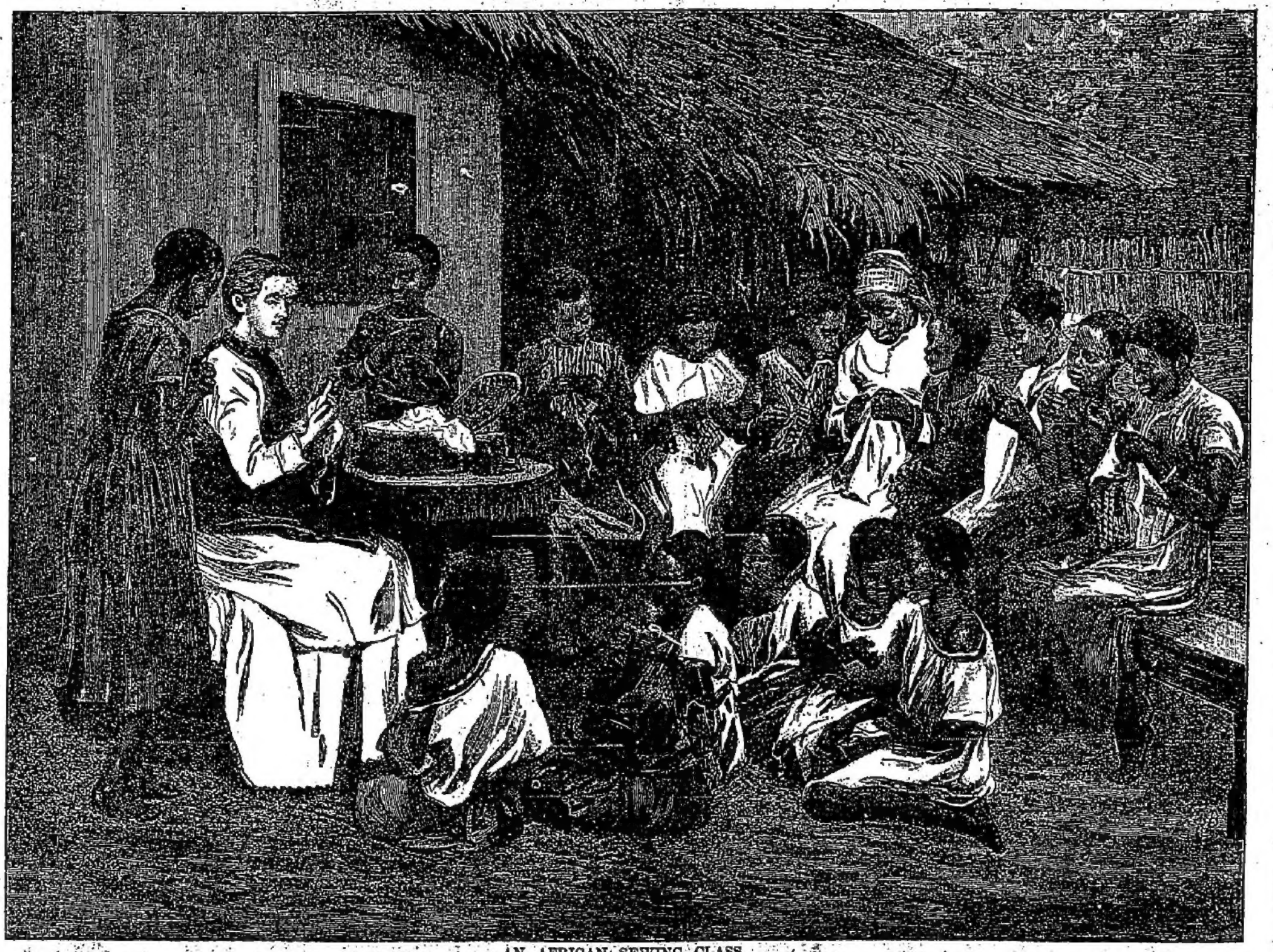
"Tell him! why, I told him he could have it, of course. That's what I call a fair price, and a man must look out for business."

"Business!" repeats his wife, an indignant flash coming into her black eyes. "What kind of business do you call it to sell a man that which is slowly but surely bringing his boys to a drunkard's grave?"

"Tut! tut! wife, don't put it quite so strong as that. Tom and Joe like a glass of cider, I'll allow, and perhaps they drink more than is good for them, but I'm sure their own father ought to know, and he doesn't seem to object."

"Yes, he ought to know, I'll admit, but it seems he doesn't. I don't see how he can be so blind. Ever since they were little boys, and were allowed to drink all the cider they wanted, just as it was beginning to sparkle, their taste for it has been growing stronger, until now, sweet cider, or that in the earlier stages of fermentation, is insipid to their taste; and only last winter their mother told me that of the two barrels of cider put into their cellar, not a drop was left for vinegar. 'The boys were so fond of it,' she said, and her husband drank it to ward off rheumatism, although, his wife said with a laugh, she guessed he liked it as well as the boys did."

"She told me about one of their neighbor's boys," continued Mrs. Jones after a pause in which the Deacon looked fixedly at the ceiling, but said never a word, "who is somewhat younger than Tom and Joe,



AN AFRICAN SEWING CLASS.

but comes in frequently to spend the evening, and when the pitcher of cider is brought from the cellar, this boy would often drink so much of it as to become quite intoxicated. 'It was really shocking,' to use her own words, 'to see such a depraved appetite.'

"'Then why do you give it to him?' I asked.

"'Why, we could not be so inhospitable as to refuse him a little cider! he would be offended; he is a nice boy otherwise, and his parents are among our best friends.'

"'And yet,' I said, 'you'll set before him that which is surely driving him to a drunkard's grave.'

"'How can you talk so! it's only cider!' was her reply.

"'Only cider!' yet a truer name was never given it than 'The devil's kindling-wood,' as one of our reformed men calls it; and that you, Jason, should sell any one cider, even when it is sweet, grieves me beyond expression."

"Well, now, mother, there's no use making such a fuss about it; if I hadn't sold it to him some one else would, so where's the difference."

"That's exactly what the saloon-keepers say; and you certainly do not uphold them in selling liquor."

"By no means," replied the deacon, decidedly. "But I reckon there's some difference between sweet cider and whiskey."

"A difference, yes, I grant it; but sweet cider becomes sour, and then it is an alcoholic drink, just as much as any liquor, and boys who begin by drinking cider when it is sweet, soon grow to like it when it 'sparkles,' and then to like it when it is old and 'hard.' The more I see the effects of cider drinking the more strongly I am opposed to it. I know it is a common drink among farmers, but more than one farmer's boy has been ruined by it; and how any father can so blindly allow cider to be kept in his cellar for his own and the neighbors' boys to drink is more than I can understand."

"Well, now, John Powelson's drank cider ever since he was a boy, and he's been a church member these twenty years. It ain't made him a drunkard, and it never will."

"No, Jason, Mr. Powelson is not a drunkard; but unless I am greatly mistaken his boys are not likely to escape so easily."

"If I'd known you was going to take it so hard, I wouldn't 'a promised he could have it. But I told him I'd bring it to-morrow, and I suppose I'll have to now."

The following day Deacon Jones loaded the barrel of cider, which was already hissing and foaming, as if a band of demons were confined within, and were struggling with might and main to grasp their victims before time—into his waggon. Mounting the seat, he rode away toward the village, where he left the cider, and pocketing the money, which someway did not seem much of a satisfaction to him after all, drove slowly homeward.

"I don't know but Mary's right after all," he soliloquized as the horses jogged along, taking their own gait over the dusty highway, where on either side stretched the richly tinted woodland, or the now barren meadows and pastures, with now and then a herd of cows filing slowly homeward.

"If I'd fed them apples to the pigs," he continued, as he flecked the off horse lightly with the whip, "mebbe I'd 'a got just as much out of 'em; they do say as how apples is powerful good for pigs."

But let us see what became of that barrel of cider. It was proposed by one of the boys to add to it a half gallon of alcohol, as he had been told that would improve the flavor, and add also to the "keeping" qualities of the cider. This was accordingly done, with the added result of making it much more intoxicating.

The neighbor's boy had to be carried home on several occasions from the effects of it, in such a condition as to surprise and grieve his parents, who had been ignorant of the fact that their only son had developed an appetite which had been carefully guarded against in their own home, on account of hereditary tendencies. Too late the discovery was made to save the boy! The hereditary longing for drink, which had lain dormant for years, had been aroused, and like a lighted match to the fuse, it increased with frightful rapidity. Tom and Joe were often his companions at the saloon now; the alcoholic fluid in their father's cellar was becoming tame to their taste.

But now their father begins to demur. What! his boys in a saloon! The companions of tipplers and bar-room loafers! In vain he protests, and their mother's tears are alike unavailing; every evening finds them at the saloon, where, with cards and dice, drink and vile jest, the hours are filled.

At last one evening after several drinks have been disposed of, a quarrel arose over a game of cards. Words led to blows. Enraged beyond control, Tom seized a heavy bottle, and with strength born of frenzy dealt his brother a crushing blow upon the head. As the blood trickled from the wound and formed into a little pool upon the floor where he lay, the door opened and John Powelson entered as he often had done lately to try to persuade the boys to go home.

The awe-stricken crowd parted to give him admission. Horrified he gazes upon his son. In another moment he is kneeling at his side with his head upon his arm.

"Go for a doctor, some one, quick!" he commands, and two men dart out of the room to do his bidding. "O Joe! my boy! my boy! to see you come to this!" he wails.

The dying boy's eyes unclose. "Father," he murmurs faintly; "cider did it; that was the starting point; if it hadn't been for that, I wouldn't be here now."

"Tom didn't mean to do it," he added, after a moment, as the now thoroughly-sobered brother, realizing what he had done, threw himself upon the floor by the side of Joe and wept aloud. "It wasn't him; it was the drink did it. Tell mother I——" His words came more faintly, the heart fluttered feebly, and—he was gone.

One son's life put out in shame and darkness, and twenty years in the penitentiary for the other is the result of cider-drinking in John Powelson's family, while the neighbor's son, a victim to his ill-advised so-called hospitality, after breaking the hearts of his parents, eventually filled a drunkard's grave.

And shall any call it harmless, even though 'tis "only cider"?

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."—*Union Signal.*

MOTHERS, LEND A HAND AT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

BY PATSEY PRESTON.

In the corner near me in Sunday-school is a most fascinating class of keenly interested little people. The other day I asked their teacher how she managed to so entirely absorb them. "O," she said, "I think the reason they like the lesson is that each one knows something about it beforehand, the Golden Text, if not more. That too is the reason that they come so regularly, because after the trouble with the learning they are not easily influenced to stay at home. Before the mothers joined in this scheme the children often did not know what I was talking about. Now they listen for that place to come which they do know about, so that they may have a chance to talk some too. While waiting they take in a great deal that otherwise would have been lost."

If mothers would only insist that their children should learn their Sunday-school lessons! The every day lessons come five days in the week, and every care is taken that they are prepared; but the one day Sunday lessons are usually neglected. What must the children infer from this?

Could an Apostle Paul entertain and instruct a goodly number of children in one of our International lessons, in the half hour generally allotted, when the intervening history, and the story, and the moral, and the entertainment, must all be taught in those thirty minutes? If hard for him, I wonder what is the success of some of our teachers! And yet the mothers complain that Mary and Bobby are unwilling to go to Sunday-school; it must, of couse, be the fault of the teaching. Probably we grown people have all had the experience of going to a lecture which lay over unfamiliar ground, and known how difficult it was to fix our thoughts upon it. Just this, plus wiggling neighbors and other diversions, is the case with the children. Can we blame them for voting it stupid?

In day-school poor recitations and bad behavior are punished, but in Sunday-school the poor teacher has no weapon of authority or defence.

I so often think of a little girl whom I encountered on a Saturday's morning visit. She was, with furrowed brow and intent look, poring over a book. I knew the child well and expressed my wonder that she was not enjoying her sunny holiday. "Oh, I must learn my Sunday lesson, or mamma will make me wear a calico dress to church, because she says that she does not like to see little girls dressed up and knowing no lesson." My friend was right. This child saw that her mother thought the lesson of more worth than the finery. I wish that there were more like her. And if afterward there could be a chat over the day's lesson with them, it would be such a good way to keep the facts in mind. They would like to do that; we none of us object to ventilating our ideas when we have any, and are patiently listened to.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

THE GRADED SYSTEM.

We hear much talk in some quarters about the graded system in Sabbath-school instruction. An enthusiast upon the subject makes the following suggestions as to plan and working:—"Take for example a school of two hundred and fifty strong. A main room, a pastor's room and an infant room. Divide, by the carpenter, the main room into four separate rooms. You will see that now we have six different apartments. Now we are ready to organize:—Go! primary (infant) department, secondary department, intermediate department, junior department, senior department and old folks department—six in all. Give two teachers to each department—two and two. The pastor and an elder for the old folks department. The pastor ought never allow himself to become superintendent of the school. He is pastor of it as well as pastor of the congregation because the school is one part of his congregation. A section for each room, one general section, an actual superintendent superintending the whole school. A superintendent ought not to teach. He has no time."—*Presbyterian Observer.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 15, 1891.

ELIJAH TAKEN TO HEAVEN.

II Kings 2:1-11.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"And Enoch walked with God and he was not for God took him."—Gen. 5:24.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 2:1-11.—Elijah Taken to Heaven.
T. Gen. 5:21-24; Heb. 11:1-6.—Enoch Taken to Heaven.
W. Matt. 17:1-9.—Elijah on the Mount.
Th. Acts 1:1-12.—The Ascending Lord.
F. 2 Thess. 1:1-12.—The Second Coming.
S. 1 Thess. 4:13-18.—Meeting the Lord in the Air.
S. Tit. 2:1-15.—Looking for that blessed Hope.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Last Walk. vs. 1-4.
II. The Last Miracle. vs. 5-8.
III. The Last Request. vs. 9-11.

TIME.—B.C. 896-890. The exact date is uncertain.

PLACES.—Gilgal, Bethel, Jericho, the Jordan, on the eastern shore of which Elijah was translated.

OPENING WORDS.

Two years after the murder of Naboth Ahab was slain at Ramoth-Gilead, in battle with the Syrians. His son Ahaziah succeeded him. To him Elijah was sent with a warning of death because of his idol-worship, and called down fire from heaven upon the soldiers sent to arrest him. 2 Kings 1:3-37. Only one other act of Elijah of a public character is recorded—viz., the sending of a message in writing to Jehoram, king of Judah. 2 Chron. 2:12. Of the close of his ministry we have a record in this lesson.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *Gilgal*—Six miles north of Bethel, the location of one of the schools of the prophets. V. 2. *I will not leave thee*—no dread of the final parting could deter Elisha from seeing the last moments and hearing the last words of the prophet. *Bethel*—twelve miles north of Jerusalem. V. 3. *Sons of the prophets*—young men in the schools of the prophets. V. 4. *Jericho*—twenty miles north-east from Jerusalem, and twelve miles from Bethel. V. 8. *His mantle*—the badge of his prophetic office. *Were divided*—compare Ex. 14:21; Job 3:13. V. 9. *A double portion*—"Let a first-born son's double portion (see Deut. 21:17) of thy prophetic spirit descend upon me." V. 10. *A hard thing*—the granting of this request was not in Elijah's gift, and he knew not yet if God meant to bestow it. *If thou see me*—if he was able to retain to the end the same devoted perseverance and to keep his eye set and steadfast on the departing prophet, the gift would be his. V. 11. *Chariot of fire*—one of the multitude of God's invisible host. (See 2 Kings 6:17; Ps. 68:17.)

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Why was Naboth unwilling to sell his vineyard to Ahab? By what wicked plot did Ahab get possession of it? What judgment did Elijah denounce against Ahab? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE LAST WALK. vs. 1-4.—How did the Lord purpose to take Elijah to heaven? Who went with him from Gilgal? What request did Elijah make? What was Elisha's reply? Where did they go? What did the sons of the prophets say to Elisha? What was his answer? Whither did Elijah say the Lord had sent him? What did Elisha again say?

II. THE LAST MIRACLE. vs. 5-8.—What took place at Jericho? Where did Elijah go from Jericho? What did some of the sons of the prophets do? What miracle did Elijah perform at Jordan?

III. THE LAST REQUEST. vs. 8-11.—What did Elijah say to Elisha after crossing Jordan? What did Elisha ask? On what condition did Elijah say his request should be granted? What took place as they went on and talked? What became of Elijah?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That it is the Lord who takes our friends from us.
2. That God confers signal honor on signal services.
3. That spiritual gifts are more to be desired than anything else.
4. That dying Christians are taken into heaven to be forever with the Lord.
5. That a life of trouble may have a glorious hereafter.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What places did Elijah and Elisha visit together? Ans. Gilgal, Bethel, and Jericho.
2. What parting request did Elisha make of Elijah? Ans. I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit rest upon me.
3. What was Elijah's answer? Ans. If thou see me taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee.
4. How were they separated? Ans. A chariot and horses of fire parted them, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 22, 1891.

ELIJAH'S SUCCESSOR.—2 Kings 2:12-22.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."—Zech. 4:6.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 2:12-22.—Elijah's Successor.
T. Zech. 4:1-14.—"By My Spirit."
W. Acts 2:1-21.—The Spirit on the Apostles.
Th. 1 Cor. 12:1-13.—The Gifts of the Spirit.
F. 1 John 2:20-29.—The Unction of the Spirit.
S. Rom. 8:1-11.—The Spirit is Life.
S. Gal. 5:16-26.—Walk in the Spirit.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Mantle of Elijah. vs. 12-14.
II. The Spirit of Elijah. vs. 15-18.
III. The Power of Elijah. vs. 19-22.

TIME.—B.C. 896-890. The exact date is uncertain.

PLACES.—Jordan, Jericho.

OPENING WORDS.

The Lord had chosen Elisha to be the successor of Elijah, and by divine command he had been anointed to that office. 1 Kings 19:16, 19-21. From that time he had been Elijah's constant companion until his master had been taken from him. By the miracles of this lesson Elisha was accredited before the prophets and the people as the divinely-appointed successor of Elijah.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 12. *Elisha saw*—and was thus assured that his request (vs. 9, 10) was granted. *My father*—these words express what Elijah was for Elisha. *The chariot of Israel*—what Elijah was for the whole nation. V. 13. *Took up the mantle*—the same that Elijah had cast upon him as a symbolical call to the prophet's office (1 Kings 19:16, 19), and which he now leaves to him as a sign that his prayer is fulfilled and that he must undertake the leadership of the prophets. V. 14. *They parted*—a proof that he inherited his master's power. V. 15. *Came to meet him*—as now their spiritual father and leader. V. 19. *Naught*—harmful. V. 21. *Cast the salt*—a symbolical act, in which salt is not the healing agent, but an emblem of the divine agency by which the spring was made pure.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? How was Elijah taken from the earth? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH. vs. 12-14.—What did Elisha see? Of what was this a token to Elisha? v. 10. What did Elisha say? Where did he go? What did he take with him? What miracle did he perform?

II. THE SPIRIT OF ELIJAH. vs. 15-18.—What did the sons of the prophets say? How did his passing over the Jordan prove this? What reverence did they show him? Why did they thus honor him? What did the sons of the prophets propose to Elisha? What reason did they give for this search? How long did they continue it? With what result?

III. THE POWER OF ELIJAH. vs. 19-22.—What did the men of Jericho say to Elisha? Why did they say this? What did he tell them to bring him? What did he do? Why did he cast salt into the fountain? What was the result? Who healed the waters? Of what was this miracle a proof?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God's servants are the true strength and defence of nations.
2. That God prepares his chosen servants for their work.
3. That the one who prays for grace and strength to do the Lord's work will not find his prayer vain.
4. That our hearts, like the waters of Jericho, need to be purified.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Who saw the translation of Elijah. Ans. Elisha.
2. What did Elisha cry out as he saw it? Ans. My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!
3. What miracle did Elisha perform at Jordan? Ans. He smote the waters of Jordan with the mantle of Elijah, and they were parted.
4. What did the sons of the prophets say when they saw him? Ans. The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha.
5. What second miracle was wrought by Elisha? Ans. The impure water of Jericho was healed.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE TONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"I am so glad," said a boy to his mother one day not long ago, "that you brought me up, and that I did not happen to grow into the ways they have at Aunt Nancy's. You never seem critical of your neighbors; you don't put unkind constructions on what they say nor wonder about what doesn't concern you. It is just a liberal education, mother dear, to live in your house." And the manly fellow, with the faint moustache outlining his upper lip, and the earnest look deepening in his fine face, bent to kiss the little woman who looked proudly up to her son.

I often wonder whether we women realize how truly we give the household its tone, setting it to truest harmony, or suffering jars and discord, false notes and a false pitch to steal upon and mar the music. The mother has the advantage above all others of beginning with the little ones in the happy, happy day of small things. There is a time when she represents the highest authority in the universe to the child's mind, when her influence is unquestioned and well-nigh absolute, and when, if she choose, she may mold the young life as she will. The misfortune of many mothers is that they fail to recognize how early in the child's life they begin to impress themselves upon the susceptible and plastic nature, "wax to receive and marble to retain," while yet the little feet have not essayed their first timid and uncertain steps, and long before the little lips have learned to add word to word in coherent sentences. A mother who appreciates her opportunities and values her privileges, will reflect from the first hour of her baby's existence, that this immortal soul is acted upon by hers, that she is giving it impulses which shall continue to exist themselves, and modify the character of her child to all eternity.

Nay, the Christian mother cannot escape the responsibility of the relation, from the hour that she knows of the invisible life entwined subtly with her own, and growing in mystic union with her own life-forces beneath her throbbing heart.

How shall we set the tone of our households high above shams and shallows; how shall we lift our homes up towards a lofty ideal; how render them worthy of the traditions of our ancestry? In the first place, by living worthily and nobly. It has been repeated so often, and is so familiar in our ears, that there is a certain triteness in the expression that what we are is more important than what we say; nevertheless, in home ethics it is a truth always worth repeating that character tells. In the daily life, she who is sincere, who is large-hearted and generous, enthusiastic for the right, disdainful of the petty motive, and the mean act, she who can resist prejudice and fairly weigh both sides, she who holds herself accountable to God, can but elevate those around her; husband, kindred, children, the maids who kindle the fires and wash the linen, the occasional visitor, and every one who is brought into contact or communication with the rich, pure, sweet life of the good woman and true mother.

Next, and not less noteworthy, comes the protest against narrowness, which is made most effectually where the home is not sufficient to itself, in the sense of being satisfied with itself. The man with the one talent in the parable, burying it in the earth, and hiding his Lord's money, met with the severest reprobation, and equally should we beware of the home with one talent. A home should be receptive, genial, consecrated to all bounties and charities. Distrust the wisdom of the woman who says that she has no mission beyond her own household; no time for meetings, clubs, commissions, efforts for the help of humanity. The most womanly women of our day are those who find, make, take time, from other and thronging occupations, to send relief to the ends of the earth, or to the sufferer in the next street.

To raise the tone of the household, furnish it with good reading. Only an imbecile in these days, underrates the immense magic of printer's ink. Never mind whether the carpets are threadbare, or the chairs old-fashioned. That is of little importance, compared to having the children's minds in touch with the best thought of the world. And while you are about it, be sure that the Bible is in its proper place in the house, and that it is read by everybody there, at least once a day, at the simple family prayer, which does more than any other single thing, to impart purity and secure peace in household life.—*Union Signal.*

BABY'S PLAYTHINGS.

Carelessness in the selection of playthings for the baby is a source of much trouble in the nursery. In the earlier years of life, and especially during that troublesome period when children are "teething," there is a disposition to put everything into the mouth, and so rattles, rings, marbles, doll-heads, coins, sticks and stones all find their way to the common receptacle. A good nurse is always watchful of her charge, knowing that it should not be allowed to have anything in its hands that would be dangerous in its mouth.

When the child has grown a little older, its chief concern seems to be to slip things into its nostrils and ears.

One of my father's patients, a child now grown to womanhood, had an irresistible desire to swallow coins, and bolted every small piece of money that came to her hands with all possible haste. A penny, or old-fashioned three-cent piece, would as certainly start on a journey through her alimentary canal as it came into her possession.

Growing tired of being called in hot haste to see her so often, my father decided upon a radical cure of the habit, and informed her she had grown too old to be treated like a baby any longer, and he proposed to give her a severe whipping every time he was called on that mission in future. His manner was sufficiently impressive to make children believe that he meant what he said, and that corporal punishment at his hands meant something serious. The threat was all that was needed to break the habit; if she continued the practice, she did not let any one know it.

The fashion of covering babies' fingers with set rings, which sprang into sudden favor a short time ago, has been attended by so many accidents that it has fallen into disfavor among the more intelligent classes, and the manufacturing jewellers who mounted diamond chips and bits of turquois, and garnet in little gold bands for the baby trade, find less sale for them than formerly, because physicians have called the attention of mothers to the danger attending their use, and some of the leading metropolitan retail dealers decline to handle them longer. The claws scratch the tender skin of the babes, and the rings or sets are sure to be stuffed into the mouth with the owner's chubby little fists, and many of them have been swallowed. Alarming spasms and even death have been reported as following these accidents. Thoughtful mothers will not permit bright rings and pins on young children, to be pulled off and swallowed.

GOWNS FOR GIRLS IN BUSINESS.

A busy girl, one who is out in the work-a-day world, writing and writing to keep the accounts of a great firm straight, wrote and asked me what I should advise for a business dress. First of all, I should say let it be quiet, let it be well-fitting, and let it be of the kind that will attract attention only by its absolute neatness. I know the temptation is very great to put the money in a pretty plaid frock trimmed with velvet, perhaps in a silk, and to wear it for a little while for very best, and then to take it for the office. This is the last thing in the world you ought to do.

We can learn some lessons from men, and did you ever hear of a man taking a shabby dress suit for office wear? Put your money in a frock suitable for business, and keep it exclusively for that. Leave the frills and frivolities for the other hours, and make your own gown partake of the exquisite simplicity of that worn by a Quakeress, and it will never offend, even when it grows a little shabby. Probably the most useful business gown is a dark-blue serge. It does not show the stains or dust as quickly as black, the sleeves will not rub out as would black cashmere, and the material itself, being rather rough, doesn't grow glossy. Fashion the skirt after the manner of to-day, plain at the front and sides and with a double box-plaiting at the back. Then wear with this a fitted blouse of the same material, belted in and not having the loose look usually given to a blouse. I recommend the blouse because while it is whaleboned, it is not to the extent of the basque, and, sitting for hours in a basque having bones extending to the edge of its skirt means getting it shapeless in a very short time. Have a black ribbon stock at the neck, and then neither collar, or, indeed, a white finish of any kind, is necessary. In buying your material get enough for a new pair of sleeves, for your sleeves will certainly be shabby and worn out before your gown begins to go. Now, just remember this, a well-dressed girl, which means a girl suitably dressed for her position, is certain to have more respect shown her than one who is untidy and overdressed. There always comes a time when the bright colors, the gay ribbons and the pretty lace can be worn, but it is certainly not in the counting-room, in the offices, or wherever your work may be.—*Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

DOSING THE BABIES.

In recounting some of the accidents that befall the babies through the ignorance or carelessness of parents and nurses, mention must be made of a class of cases that are met with in the practice of almost every physician of wide experience, about which he will talk to you freely enough in a general way, but will not give names except in the strictest professional secrecy, and not then unless there is good reason for so doing.

I refer to the murderous practice of dosing the innocents with powerful patent nostrums, the composition, effects and antidotes for which are unknown to the persons who administer them. My one-time neighbor, Dr. Z., is a bluff, plain, spoken German practitioner, who tells the truth whether it be welcome or not.

"Will my darling get well, doctor? please say yes," cried a young mother to the old physician as they stood beside her child's cradle watching its life fade out.

"No; she will not."

"Oh! what can be the matter with her, doctor? She was so well this morning and now she is dying. Is there no God of mercy? Why is he robbing me of my child?"

"God has nothing to do with it; you have killed her yourself. I told you not to use that abominable cough syrup (mentioning one of the most widely advertised mixtures on the market); it owes all its efficiency to the opium it contains, and you have simply drugged her to death with it."

Plain words, but true. It was the third case he had been called to treat and he had grown tired of remonstrating against the use of such things. She had poured the medicine down the child's throat because some one had told her it was excellent to quiet fretful children and put them to sleep. Children do not bear opium well, and it should never be administered to them by any one but a well-informed physician who can watch its action.

The soothing syrups are another fruitful source of infantile mortality, and many fatal cases of poisoning following their use might be cited.

The records of the health offices contain many certificates of deaths that are false, and the physicians who made them knew they were when they made them, for there are few men who speak as plainly as Dr. Z. They do not care to put it on record that the children in the families they serve have been killed by criminal carelessness and ignorance. Pain killers, cough medicines and soothing syrups do not appear as the cause of death nearly as often as they should.—*Babyhood.*

RECIPES.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Chop cold chicken fine, moisten well with melted butter and add a little salt. Make into small croquettes, dip in egg and then in cracker crumbs and fry in hot butter or lard.

JOHNNY CAKE.—Nine tablespoonfuls of molasses or soft sugar, two cups of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, and one-half teaspoonful of salt, and corn meal enough to make it so it will run out of the spoon, but not too thin, and not thick enough to drop from the spoon.

SARATOGA POTATOES.—Peel and slice very thin six large potatoes, lay them in ice water one hour, and thoroughly dry with a clean towel. Drop each slice separately in a kettle of boiling lard, fry until crisp and brown. Take out with wire spoon, drain and sprinkle with salt while hot.

HAMBURG STEAKS.—One pound lean veal chopped fine, two teaspoonfuls onion juice, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, form with the hands into flattened cakes, and broil over a clean fire. Lay on each a bit of butter the size of a hickory nut, first squeezing a few drops of lemon juice on the meat. Let them stand covered a minute before serving, but keep them very hot.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—One quart of buckwheat flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of home-made yeast or one half cake of compressed yeast; mix with warm water to make a thin batter. Mix over night and set in a warm place. In the morning add one-half teaspoonful soda dissolved in a little warm water, and a little sifted meal or wheat flour may be added if preferred, and bake on griddle.

ESCALLOPED POTATOES.—Butter a large pudding dish and place a layer of thinly sliced potatoes in it, season with salt and little pieces of butter, then another layer of potatoes, and so on until the dish is full, then pour plenty of fresh milk over the potatoes, so they will not be dry, and cover tightly and bake in a good oven three-quarters of an hour. Take the cover off ten minutes before they are to be served and allow them to brown on top.

ESCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Butter a pudding-dish and place in the bottom a layer of cracker crumbs, then a layer of oysters well seasoned with bits of butter and salt, another layer of crackers, and so on until the dish is full, Pour plenty of fresh milk over each layer to moisten well, and for the top beat up an egg with a little milk, cover well until nearly done, and then brown. Bake three quarters of an hour, or until done. Serve at once.

JELLIED TONGUE.—Boil until tender a pickled beef's tongue. When done throw into cold water for a few minutes, then peel. Save a pint of the liquid which the tongue was cooked in. When the tongue is perfectly cold, slice thin as for the table. Dissolve two ounces of gelatine in cold water. Plan to cook a piece of veal the same day or the day before, so to have the gravy. Take one teacup of the gravy; brown two tablespoonfuls of light brown sugar (stirring over the fire in a basin), and add to the gravy with three spoonfuls of vinegar, the pint of liquor the tongue was cooked in, the dissolved gelatine and a pint of boiling water. Strain through a jelly-bag and set away to cool a few minutes. Take a jelly mould or deep dish and pour in a little jelly, then a layer of tongue, then more jelly until all is used. Set on ice to get solid. When you are ready to use it, garnish a platter with parsley or carrot leaves, dip the mould into hot water for a moment and turn out on platter. This makes a handsome dish for tea or lunch.

PUZZLES—No. 2.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A man of a wild roving nature, who preferred the life of a hunter to the peaceful one of a shepherd. He was impatient and uncontrolled, and meditated taking back by crime and violence that of which he had been deprived by craft. He was one of two brothers, and became the founder of a warlike nation, sternly denounced by the prophets in later times.

2. A commander-in-chief in the army of Benhadad, King of Syria, and in constant attendance upon him. He had riches and honor, but he suffered from an incurable disease until, by the use of the simple means recommended by a prophet of the Lord, he was miraculously restored to health. He had a hasty but not an unreasonable temper, and after his deliverance he showed his gratitude by actions as well as words.

3. His mother was a Moabitish woman, and his father was of Bethlehem. His birth brought great rejoicing, and was the source of special gladness to his Jewish grandmother. He became the grandfather of a great king and poet, and the ancestor of the promised Messiah.

4. He was one of two brothers, and was a husbandman. He was a man of a sullen and revengeful temper, and while obeying the letter of God's command, disobeyed it in the spirit. He committed a great crime and was a marked man from that time forward. His descendants were numerous.

5. A woman who, though a slave, was evidently of a proud nature. Her affection for her son was strong, and the promise was given to her that of him God would make a great nation. It is twice recorded in her history that she was met by an angel. She is spoken of by St. Paul as a type of the Old Covenant.

The characters here described are drawn from the Old Testament, but are all referred to in the New. Their initials form the name of one whose faith is specially recorded in Hebrews xi. His history is uneventful, but the testimony is given of him, that "he pleased God."

CHARADE.

A sailor leaving home once said,—

"Remember me I pray,
By this my whole, when I am far
From home and friends away:
Oh first it for my last and pray for me
When I am far away upon the sea."

ANDREW A. SCOTT.

SQUARE WORD.

To engage.
A thought.
To raise.
To gain by labor.

JOHN S. LEWIS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 1.

CROSSWORD.—Napoleon.

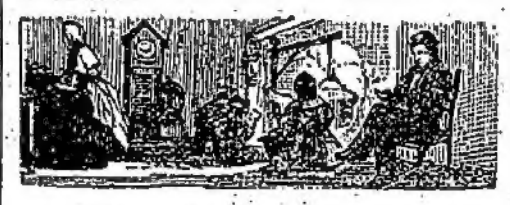
METAGRAM.—Bold—cold—fold—gold—hold—mold—sold—told—wold—old.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.—

H astings.
O mmiades.
S ardinia.
P oitiers.
I sabella.
T emplars.
A merican.
L ollards.
E scurial.
R oumania.
S cotland.

SQUARE WORD.—

C R O W
R I P E
O P E N
W E N T



The Family Circle.

TWILIGHT.

BY MARY F. ROBINSON.

When I was young the twilight seemed too long.

How often on the western window seat
I leaned my book against the misty window pane
And spelled the last enchanting lines again
The while my mother hummed an ancient song
Or sighed a little and said, "The hour is sweet,"
When I, rebellious, clamored for the light.

But now I love the soft approach of night,
And now with folded hands I sit and dream
When all too fleet the hours of twilight seen;
And thus I know that I am growing old.

O granaries of Age! O manifold
And royal harvest of the common years!
There are in all thy treasure house no ways
But lead by soft descent and gradual slope
To memories more exquisite than hope.
Thine is the Iris born of olden tears,
And thrice more happy are the happy days
That live divinely in thy lingering rays,
So Autumn roses bear a lovelier flower;
So, in the emerald after sunset hour,
The orchard wall and trembling aspen trees
Appear an infinite Hesperides.
Ay, as at dusk we sit with folded hands
Who knows, who cares in what enchanted lands
We wander while the undying memories throng!

When I was young the twilight seemed too long.
—*The Athanæum.*

SOME AMERICAN DAUGHTERS.

A beautiful young lady asked me recently if I liked her new hat as well as one she had been wearing previously.

Truth compelled me to say that I did not.

"Neither do I, and it is all mamma's fault," she exclaimed, while an irritated expression dashed all the beauty from her face, as a whirlwind of dust covers the beauty of the rose tree.

"You never saw such a woman as mamma is to shop with," she continued. "The very first thing I try on, she exclaims, 'Oh, that looks lovely on you!' and she never can discriminate and choose; so I buy the first one I look at, and after I get home I find I do not like it at all. I told mamma to-day how I despised this hat, and that it was all her fault!"

"What did she reply?" I asked.

"Oh, she said she was always in fault for my misfortunes, according to my way of looking at it; and then she had an injured air, and, of course, it was no use talking about it, so I came away."

"Has it ever occurred to you," I inquired, "to stop and analyze your mother's feelings and motives toward you? You are her only daughter, and she has always worshipped you. You are always beautiful in her sight. She can only wish to please you, and to save you trouble. She can have no desire to annoy or disappoint you. From your cradle to the present day she has had no wish but for your happiness and success. Night after night she has been broken off her sleep to watch and care for you. It was the proudest hour of her life when she saw you developing into a beautiful young woman. What do you suppose can be her feeling now when she hears you speak such sharp, sarcastic or selfish words as you have just related to me? How poorly repaid must she find her life of devotion, how inexpressible must be her sense of disappointment!"

"I never thought of that before," said the young lady soberly.

I begin to think that the average American daughter "never thought of that."

Last summer a friend of mine occupied a room, at a fashionable seashore resort, next to one used as a parlor by one of the belles of the season, and her mother.

My friend had first observed the two ladies in the dining-room, and on the verandas, where the mother's devotion to her beautiful daughter was marked and noticeable. An indifference to this devotion and an occasional expression of petulance marred the beauty of the daughter's face in the eyes of my friend. Had this beauty become absolute ugliness when she heard the young lady's manner of speech to her parent through the thin walls which separated the two rooms?

"I have been so worried about you, dear," said the loving mother one day when the daughter returned from an unusually long equestrian excursion. "I was so afraid something had happened to you."

"I wish you would not make such a fool of yourself," was the hateful daughter's reply. "I guess I know enough to take care of myself if I am out of your sight."

"Go take this shawl, dear; it is so damp on the veranda," urged the mother as the daughter went out of the room later in the day.

"You attend to your business and I will attend to mine," was the reply of the belle as she slammed the door behind her.

A few moments later she was dispensing smiles to a circle of butterfly adorers, not one of whom would have sacrificed an hour of comfort or pleasure for her sake, while the mother, who would have died for her, was left with the memory of her cruel, unfeeling words to keep her company.

A remarkably handsome and gifted young lady sought my acquaintance some two years ago, to consult me in regard to the professional use of her talents.

Young, beautiful and gifted, she attracted me strongly, and the acquaintance continued, at my request. Her mother called upon me, and, with tears in her eyes, thanked me for my interest in her beautiful darling, who was an only child. But before the acquaintance was many weeks old, its deathblow was struck for me; and my interest and admiration merged into amazement and disgust at the daughter's disrespectful treatment of her doting parent.

She contradicted her mother's statements on almost every subject; interrupted her in conversation without any apology, and showed such ill-humor over trifles, that I felt called upon to rebuke her. Whereupon the mother begged me to overlook the "dear child's petulance, as she was not well!"

A foreign lady of good birth and breeding, who has for a year past been in our country, expressed herself to me recently upon this subject.

"The disrespect which children of all ages show their parents in America shocks a foreigner more than any one other thing in your land, unless it is the way men spit upon stairways and in public conveyances," she said. "I never could have believed it true if I had not seen and heard these things myself. I have met scores of your best families intimately; I have travelled extensively, and I have passed two summer seasons at the best resorts, and everywhere it is the same! American children are impudent and bad-mannered, and the way your American daughters treat their mothers, is especially shocking to a foreigner. I have found the gentle, respectful, devoted daughter to be the exception, not the rule, in America."

I could not dispute the lady's statement, for I had been too frequently pained by this same observation myself.

I have seen mothers who have sacrificed youth, appearance, health and comfort in the effort to save money to educate their daughters, brow beaten, crushed and virtually ignored by their daughters in return for it all.

The American girl is taught that she is a young princess from her cradle to the altar. It is a great misfortune when she forgets that the mother of a princess must be a queen, or queen regent, and should be so treated.

I am always sorry when I see a young mother trying to save her little daughter trouble by anticipating every wish, and waiting upon her. As a rule, such daughters grow up to think it their right to be waited on, and to regard their mothers as upper servants. They seldom appreciate what is done for them, but are quick to resent any neglect.

On the contrary, children who are taught to wait upon their parents, and who are brought up to regard their parents as their superiors, are almost invariably respectful and grateful in the home circle.

Let a mother ask a child to do all sorts of errands for her, and no matter how busy the child is kept, if the mother expresses gratitude and appreciation, the child feels repaid, and finds a delight in the thought of relieving the parent's cares; while a child that is courteously waited on almost invariably becomes a petty tyrant and exactor. They take it as their right, and have no comprehension of the sacrifices made for them.

If every one of us devoted a life of fifty years' duration to a mother, we could scarcely more than repay for the soul, brain and body strain we caused her the first ten years of our lives. Of course I am speaking of the true, good mother. I know there are exceptions to the rule—there are cruel, heartless and unnatural mothers. I have known mothers who were jealous of their own daughters. I know a mother who lives in luxury and uses all her income in frivolous dressing and pleasures, while her fair, fragile daughter works in a dusty office all day long. But as a rule, the American mother is loving, devoted and self-sacrificing and self-effacing, and she needs to assert herself, and to command more respect from her too unappreciative and thoughtless daughter, who must herself become a mother in order to comprehend the great wrong she has committed to her own.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

"THY WAY, NOT MINE."

BY ANNIE PATTERSON GRAHAM.

John Farnham was disappointed. The drawn lines about his face, the pain written in his eyes seemed to say there was in the disappointment something more than a mere relinquishing of personal hopes or ambitions; there was the bitterness of renunciation in it.

John Farnham could not remember when, as a child, the first vague idea of being a missionary had come to him. Whether it was when poring over the lives of some of those memorable men of whom the world was not worthy, or in the circle of family prayer, when his father's voice went up in earnest petitions for the "heralds of the cross" he did not know, but he remembered his childish ambition was to "buckle on his sword and go forth to fight the powers of darkness." Later, when the glamour had faded with the knowledge that came with study, the desire was intensified to go forth, if need be, to the uttermost ends of the earth to seek and save the lost.

Now he was nearly ready for the work, the chosen, beloved work of his heart. Personal ambitions, home, friends, life, all, he believed, he had laid upon the altar a willing sacrifice, and with devout enthusiasm he prayerfully waited his appointment, when the edict of his physician came like a crash to his hopes.

"With your peculiar constitution, a change of climate means nothing short of suicide, and that not a lingering one. You may, with care, live to a good old age full of usefulness here, but I cannot deceive you; you will not hold your life as of any worth if you disregard my advice." And the physician who had known him from childhood shook his head gravely, and the Board of Foreign Missions, accepting the situation, reluctantly refused to commission him.

To the young eager soul, fired with high and holy zeal, life seemed for a time to stretch out bare and desolate, void of purpose. But John Farnham was no mere enthusiast, else he had not risen, as he did, to a reconsideration of his life-work. He had prayed that he might plant the standard of the cross in the "regions beyond;" should he fail to carry it wheresoever the Master led? He had besought the Lord to lead him; should he falter now because the way was not the one he had chosen.

"Not my way, dear Master, but thine," he cried from the depth of his soul, and the prayer was answered.

He already held three calls in his hand, and before he had had time to consider them he received another. Two, from large churches in flourishing Western towns, he laid aside. The third he paused long over. Yes, here he might do a grand work; it was a splendid opening for a man, young, talented, gifted with such superior oratorical powers as himself; a church in an Eastern city, a large and wealthy church. Yes, it was a grand opening for grander work, and as he sat musing over it he almost made up his mind he would accept it when almost mechanically he took up the fourth call, which had just been officially placed in his hands.

"The church of Humblederry;" he started at the name. Humblederry! What a picture the name brought up! He had preached there as supply twice during one vacation. He never forgot his first impression of it. A plain, tumbledown wooden church; it had been painted white once, but time had worn every vestige off. The crows, he remembered, made the belfry a favorite roosting place. How lonesome it was, too! Rough, hilly country merging into the shadowy mountains, which stretched away on all sides, something very beautiful about it, too, but so far away—ten miles from the railway. A humdrum congregation, which slept all through the sermon and gossipped afterwards, quarrelling sometimes, too. They had been without a pastor for seven years, depending on supplies or doing without. "As sheep scattered upon the mountains, having no shepherd"—the words rang in John Farnham's ears and the picture of Humblederry church on its lonely hillside, stood out in bold relief before his eyes.

I will not say it cost no struggle, or that the victory was easily won. John Farnham felt humbled to find how strong were the ambitions he thought firmly set aside. Temptation does not always come in such form, but it is none the less hard to resist.

It would take too long to tell of difficulties encountered, nor is there need. Such is not the purpose of this sketch. There were those "even among the elect" who thought it was "throwing away of brilliant powers" "hiding light under a bushel" and "neglecting opportunity;" there were some who scoffed at such quixotic notions of devotion to duty; and there were a few who understood and said, God bless you.

The years passed. John Farnham, the "most brilliant member of —— class of —— Seminary," was known only to a few as the pastor of a country charge. He and his consecrated wife were among the obscure workers of this waste place in the Master's vineyard.

But Humblederry began to show a better report to the Presbytery. Cold indifference gave place to fervid zeal. The little church overflowed its bounds into a new and comfortable structure, in the mountains two chapels were organized, souls were gathered into the fold in numbers, not astonishingly great, but sure, and the little mountain church became a fruitful spot. The wilderness blossomed, and from out its new life went forth four ministers, two of whom entered the foreign service. Three daughters, likewise, took up the tidings and carried them to desolate places of our own land, while two more crossed the sea bearing the same song of redemption.

And when, having lived to see this fruit of his planting increased under the blessing of God, the pastor laid down his life at yet an early age, there were those who, remembering his youthful promise, sighed at such going out in obscurity, but I think there were many Shining Ones who waited for him on the other side, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Presbyterian Observer.*

SECURE A LETTER.

We beg to urge upon all young people leaving our rural congregations to secure from their ministers letters of introduction to ministers elsewhere, and then to call on the minister of the place where "their lot is cast." It is impossible for ministers to find out the coming and the going of people, young or old, unless those specially interested will take the trouble to make their movements known.

ARE YOU SHINING?

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one?
Not for yourself at all?
Not because dear ones, watching,
Would grieve if your lamp should fall?
Shining because you are walking
In the sun's unclouded rays,
And you cannot help reflecting
The light on which you gaze?
Shining because it shineth
So warm and bright above
That you must let out the gladness,
And you must shew forth the love?

—*F. R. Havergal.*

HENRY M. DEXTER, D.D.

The news that Henry M. Dexter was dead came suddenly, says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, even to his intimate friends. Save from the gout, from which he had suffered for several years, his health had been good, and the day before his death he spent some time at work in his garden. On the morning of November 13th last, his wife entered his room at his home in New Bedford, to find him lying dead upon his bed.

With one exception, and this Dr. Storrs, there was probably no Congregationalist better known in this country than Dr. Dexter. His published works, of which there is a long list, his labor as editor of the *Congregationalist*, and the prominent part he has taken in Church controversies, all contributed to give him foremost rank. As an authority in matters affecting Congregationalism, and especially in regard to the Puritan colony of Plymouth, he had a place apart. His important work is "The Congregationalism of the Last Three Hundred Years as seen in its Literature; with Special Reference to certain Recondite, Neglected or Disputed Passages." A competent critic has said of the book, "What it does not tell about Congregationalism is not worth knowing. It is a monument to the zeal, industry, and critical acumen of the author. The lectures which are its basis are enriched by a deep embroidery of notes and a bibliographical index which is a marvel of completeness." It has been accepted as an authority of the first rank. At the time of his death Dr. Dexter was engaged on a history of the Pilgrims. It had occupied him many years, during which he had collected a vast store of material, both here and in England. He had made seventeen visits to England, largely for the purpose of enlarging his knowledge of the subject. The work is said to have been nearly completed.

Dr. Dexter was born in Plympton, Massachusetts, on August 13, 1821, and was a graduate of Yale (1840), and Andover Theological Seminary (1844). Iowa College, in 1865, gave him the Degree of D.D., and Yale, in 1880, that of S.T.D. After leaving Andover, in 1844, he became pastor of a church in Manchester, New Hampshire; and in 1849, he went to what is now the Berkeley Street Church in Boston, where he remained until 1867. In the Boston church he was the successor of Dr. Austin Phelps. For the past twenty years his home has been in New Bedford, where he occupied an old-fashioned house, and had for his out-door amusement the cultivation of a garden.

In 1851 he became connected with the *Congregationalist*, which paper was to retain his sevices during the remainder of his life. Since 1867 the paper has absorbed the greater part of his time, and it is as its editor that he has become most widely known. Dr. Dexter was a born controversialist, and among other cases with which he has been connected is the Andover one of late years. His personality was an extremely interesting one, and, in spite of his positive nature, it had many real charms. One of his virtues was generosity to the weak and poor, and this is said to have been excessive.

Besides his work on Congregationalism already mentioned, he had published, among other works, "As to Roger Williams and his Banishment," "The True Story of John Smith," "Common-Sense as to Woman Suffrage," and a "Biography of the Church Struggle in England during the Sixteenth Century" comprising 1,800 titles.

A WOMAN STRONG IN FAITH.

When I was staying in the Highlands some years ago, there was brought to my knowledge an instance of simple trust in God's goodness and its reward, which I shall not soon forget.

About a couple of miles from the house where I was residing, in a lonely upland valley, beautiful in summer-time but bleak and desolate in winter, lived a poor man and his wife, who, harassed all their lives by sore poverty, had reared, with great difficulty, a family of five children. Their low, heather-thatched cottage was a very humble abode; but it was always kept scrupulously clean, and on one of the shelves formed by the open rafters might be seen a small but well-selected stock of books, showing that though the dwellers in that home were poor, they were not ignorant.

At the time of which I write there was trouble in that home. The eldest lad, a young fellow of good abilities, and a character of great promise, was seriously ill, and though he rallied somewhat with the warm weather, there seemed cause to fear that he would fall a victim to the dire malady which cuts short so many young lives in the Highlands.

One bright autumn day I took the wild romantic walk up the valley, and called at the cottage to enquire for the sick son.

As I knocked, Mrs. Michie came to the door, and I wondered to see the cheerful look on her honest, healthy face.

"How do you do, ma'am?" she asked. "I'm right glad to see you. Come away in and sit down."

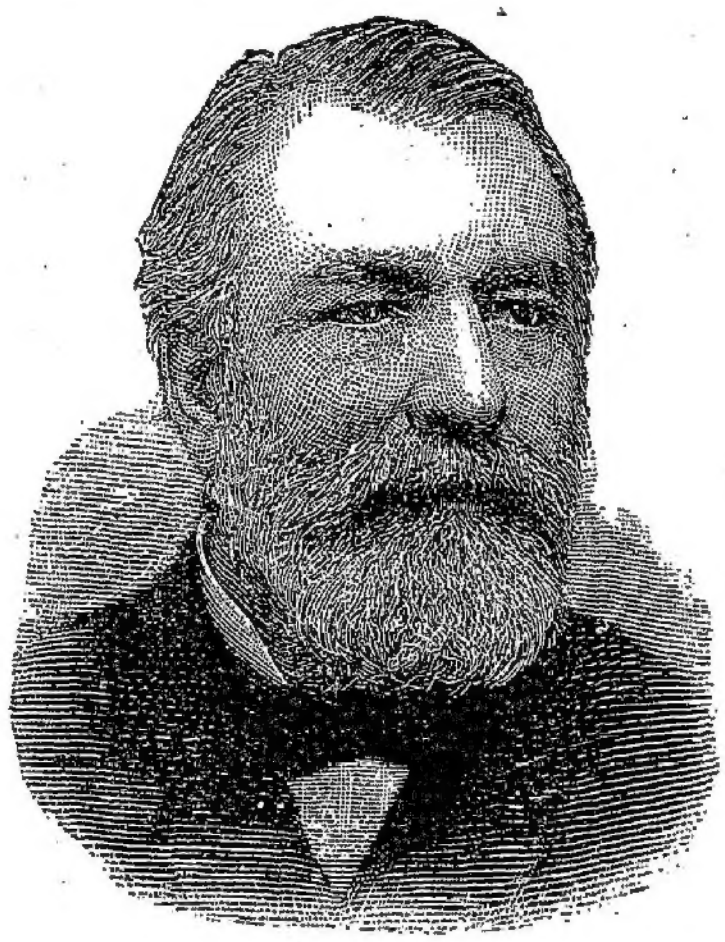
"How is your son, Mrs. Michie?" I asked, as I obeyed the invitation.

"Oh, ma'am, he's doing fine. The weather just suits him, you see. I thank the Lord for it with all my heart. My son's away up on the moor, now, ma'am. He'll be real sorry to miss you."

"And what does the doctor say of him?"

"He says there cannot be a doubt that he is much stronger than he was, and he may make a man yet with care; but Dr. Keith says he must not pass the winter here. His only chance lies in his moving to a warm climate before the winter sets in."

I could well imagine that it was so, for even in summer the air of that valley seemed to me very keen. I pondered the



THE LATE REV. HENRY M. DEXTER, D.D.

situation gravely for a few minutes, and as I did so I wondered more than before at Mrs. Michie's cheerful face.

What will you do?" I asked presently. "You cannot afford to send him away."

"No, indeed, that's true enough," she returned, brightly; "but we are not letting ourselves be anxious about that. We are laying the matter before the Lord in prayer, and we can trust to him to provide a way, if it's his will to save the lad's life."

Then I perceived the secret of Mrs. Michie's serene, happy look. She was a woman whose faith in God was simple and strong, one who lived in constant obedience to the apostolic injunction—"In nothing be anxious, but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

"You have great faith in God," I said rather wistfully, for my own faith was often wavering.

"And how could I no' have faith in him?" she asked, quickly. "Whom should we trust, if not our Father in heaven—he who spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all? How shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

I was silent, but not because I did not feel the truth of her words.

"Our God is the hearer and answerer of prayer," she continued, after a minute; "many's the time that I've proved it. I shall never forget one occasion. It was at the time when my husband was paralyzed. I am sure that I never thought then that he would be able to do a stroke of work again. There was I with a helpless husband and five little children depending on me, and how I was to feed them I did not know.

"The week before my husband was taken ill, I had asked the miller to bring me a bag of meal when next he passed our way; but when the day came, I had no money to pay for it, and the meal was left at the post-office till I could send the money. How I was to raise the eight shillings for it I could not think; and meanwhile I had hardly any food to give the children.

"Well, I could but pray and wait; and for a while faith in the goodness of God sustained me, but my faith was beginning to fail, when one day one of the bairns brought me a message from the minister's wife, telling me there was a parcel waiting for me at the manse from my late mistress, in whose service I had lived at Aberdeen before I was married. She would often send me some of her children's left-off clothes, which I could make over for my own little ones. I was thankful to hear of this, for, though my bairns needed food more than clothes just then, the things would be very useful; and I took it as a sign that God had not forgotten me.

"As soon as I could, I went up to the manse to get the parcel It is, as you know, a walk of some miles to the manse. I shall never forget that walk. I was sorely distressed, and all the way I was praying to God to help me, for we had nothing in the house that day, and I had left the children crying for food.

"The hope was in my heart that the minister's lady would ask me about our circumstances, and be moved to give me help. I knew that I could never bring myself to ask for it.

"But when, faint and weary from my long walk, I reached the manse, I found that the minister's lady was from home, and would not be back for several days. My heart sank very low when I heard that. I rested for a few minutes, and the servant-lass gave me some milk and oatcake. I drank the milk, but I managed to slip the oatcake into my pocket to give to the bairns when I got home. Then I took the parcel, and set off on my homeward walk.

"I still kept praying to God, for I knew that he could help me without the aid of the minister's wife. But I could not see how help was to come, and my heart grew heavier and heavier as I drew near to my home.

"I had passed the post-office, thinking with heart-sick longing of the bag of meal that was waiting for me there, and had just reached the foot of the brae that leads up to this valley, when something moved me to open the parcel I was carrying, and look at the things my good mistress had sent me. And what should I find amongst the clothes but a little note from her with a bright half-sovereign wrapped inside it! She thought that I might be needing such help after the long winter, she said. So you see there was the answer to my prayer. I had been carrying it under my arm all the while without knowing it."

"Dear me! how wonderful!" I said, thoughtlessly.

"Nay, nay, you must not say that," returned Mrs. Michie, quickly. "It canna be wonderful that the Lord should answer prayer; the wonder is that we have so little faith. I am sure I felt rebuked when I saw that half-sovereign. I was ashamed that I had ever doubted, as, with my heart full of thankfulness, I hurried back to the post-office to get the bag of meal. Oh! how the bairnies shouted when they saw me bearing it up the brae! We'll never forget that day, any of us. It taught me a lesson which has made life easier. I have learned to cast all my care upon the Lord, and trust to his love, whatever happens."

After a little further talk I took my departure, and as I went down the brae I was wondering how Mrs. Michie's prayers for her son would be answered; for she had inspired me with her cheerful hope, and I felt confident that a way would be opened for the lad by which he might escape the rigors of a Highland winter.

A few days later I was visiting some English friends who were staying for a few days at a hotel in the neighborhood, and as we were talking together the conversation took a turn which led me to tell them about Mrs. Michie and her strong faith in God. There was a lady present who listened with much interest to all I said about Mrs. Michie's son, and questioned me rather closely concerning his state of health, and the hope held out of his recovery.

"I think I can help him," she said, quietly, when she had learned the facts of the case "There is a convalescent home in the south of England in which I am interested, and I can procure him admission there as a free patient, if his friends would like him to go. The place is beautifully sheltered, and the air considered very good for consumptive patients. What do you think of it?"

"It is the very thing!" I cried, eagerly. "His parents will be delighted to accept your kindness, I am sure." I was about to add—"How wonderful!"

Mrs. Michie received with quiet thankfulness the news I carried her the next day. It was no wonder to her, but only a fresh proof of the lovingkindness of the Lord. Cheerfully the mother set to work to prepare his simple outfit; and a fortnight later, ere the winter chills commenced, her son departed for the south.

The change of climate proved very beneficial to him. He passed the winter without harm. When he quitted the convalescent home in the spring, he seemed thoroughly restored to health; but he would never be a robust man, and his friends still dreaded for him the rough life of the Highlands.

Again his mother's faith was rewarded, and the good hand of the Lord directed his way. A gentleman who became interested in him offered him a free passage to Australia, and promised to find work for him when he arrived there. The young fellow gladly accepted the offer; and when, on my next visit to the Highlands, I found my way again to Mrs. Michie's cottage, she showed me, with delight, a letter she had had from her son, in which he gave a glowing account of his health and well-being.

He had always been fond of books, and by giving all his leisure to study he had managed to fit himself to officiate as schoolmaster in one of the remote districts of the new country. He seemed very happy in his new occupation, relieved, as it was, by the care of the slip of land which he was cultivating for his own advantage.

But what pleased me most in the letter was the simple manly trust in God which it evinced, showing that he shared his mother's faith and was worthy of her unselfish love. Truly, those are happy who trust in the Lord. "O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him."—*Friendly Greetings.*

THE SPARROWS' CHOICE.

TO A SAD LITTLE GIRL.

You say you are ugly, and you are afraid
That nobody loves you, sad little maid;
For people whisper, with lip a-curl,
As you pass by, "What an ugly girl!"
Ah, well, my dear, if you mope and fret,
Your ugly face will be uglier yet.
Let me tell you the secret without delay
Of growing beautiful day by day.
'Tis a secret old as the world is old,
But worth in itself a mine of gold:
Beauty of soul is beauty of face,
For inward sweetness makes outward grace.

There is a secret, simple and true;
Now prove what its wisdom can do for you.
Fill up your heart with thoughts most sweet,
Bidding all others at once retreat,
And these sweet thoughts will grow like seeds,
And bloom into beautiful words and deeds,
And soon, very soon, they will leave their trace
Of loveliness on your ugly face;
The lines will be softer on cheek and brow,
Bright smiles will shine where tears are now;
Your eyes will sparkle, and some blest power
Will make you lovelier every hour.
Just try it, my dear; begin to-day
To do kind things in the kindest way—
To kindly think and to kindly speak,
To be sweet-tempered, gentle, and meek.
Then never again shall you need be afraid
That nobody loves you, sad little maid,
Opinion will change, with a pleasant whirl,
And all will think, "What a charming girl!"

—*Emma C. Dowd, in Harper's Young People.*

THE SPARROWS AND THE FLOWER-POT.

A lady who lives in a pretty country town where the English sparrows have driven almost all the other birds away, said an English sparrow was a great deal better than no bird at all; and she thought, "Though I don't like them as well as I do our own little sparrows, and yellow birds, and robins, yet I will build them a house that will suit them."

When the house was finished, the sparrows cocked their heads to one side and looked at it, but would not go into it.

At the very time the new house was put up on its pole for the sparrows, a big flower-pot was broken by one of the servants, who threw it into a corner with some other rubbish.

By and by, as the summer advanced, a creeping vine found its way to the broken pot, and clung lovingly around it.

One day, however, the lady espied the heap of rubbish, and was hurrying away to tell the gardener that she could not have it there, when she noticed her sparrows circling around it and playing a sort of hide-and-seek in it.

She thought what a pretty thing it was, as it lay there with the dainty vine twined about it, and while she was looking, there came up a shower, and she ran under a tree near by for shelter.

Then she saw the sparrows run into the vine-covered pot and stay there during the shower, and she thought she had never seen anything prettier in her life than the picture they made.

What she did after that was to lift the pot, without disturbing the vine, and put it so that the cats could not get at it, thinking that when the next spring came, the sparrows might take it for a home, and sure enough they did.

As for the gorgeous bird-house, it remained without a tenant until it was a ruin, when the little sparrows decided that it was pretty enough to use, so they used it.

A LITTLE WAY DOWN STREET.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

My boy, you came in rather late last night, and this morning, when your mother asked where you were, you said, "Down street." Then when she wanted to know whereabouts down the street, you said, "Oh, just a little ways."

Now, I don't think you intended to lie to your mother. As a rule, you are a truthful boy, and your mother can believe you. But I wonder if you know how far down street you were last night? You were right when you said you were "down street;" whenever a boy comes home late at night, and is afraid or ashamed to tell just where he has been and what he has been doing, I know as well as he does, and his mother knows, and everybody who knows anything about boys knows, that he has been "down street."

And more than that, my boy; I know that he has been a long way down street. A long, long way. Have you a map of your route last evening? No? Well, never mind; we know you were down street, and we can make a map in a minute or two. Sit down here, and we'll see how far a boy travels when he leaves home after supper, and goes "down street a little way" and doesn't get back until ten or later.

Here is your home, this bright little spot like a star on the map. The sweetest, purest, safest place this side of heaven; the home where, from father to baby, they love you better than all the rest of the people in all the big, wide world. Now, you start from here and go "down street"; somehow the street always has a down grade from home when you sneak out after night. See how far you get from respectability and self-respect, when you reached this corner, "just a little ways down," where you loafed—eh? Well, I'll say "loitered," if you prefer it—where you "loitered" last night. Here are the fellows with whom you loitered. You had to meet them here, because you can never meet them in your home, for two reasons; in the first place, your father wouldn't permit one of them to come into his house, and in the second place, you would be ashamed to invite them there, whether your father forbade it or not. Sweet "gang" for your father's son to "loiter" with, isn't it? It's a long way from your respectable home, from your mother's friends and your father's guests, to this corner "down street," isn't it?

Then—look on the map, my boy—see how far it is from manliness and decency. Two ladies hurried past this corner, friends of your mothers; possibly they had been spending the evening at your home. Thank heaven they could not see you as you slunk back into the dark doorway, feeling like the sneak that you were; and, as they passed by, one of the loafers with whom you were loitering shouted an insulting remark after them. Your cheeks burned in the dark, at that. Didn't your home and your sisters seem to be a thousand miles away just then?

See, too, how far you were from purity. Some of the boys told some stories; do you think you can repeat them to your sisters? Don't you wish this morning that you could forget them forever? Don't you wish you had never heard them? Don't you know your mind will never again be as pure and innocent as it was before you went "just a little way down street" last night? While you were listening to these stories, punctuated with profanity, the dear ones at home gathered in the sitting room, your father opened the book, and read; they knelt at the family altar and commended themselves to the keeping of the Heavenly Father, and tenderly remembered the boy who was "just a little way down street." Then the lights went out one by one, the house was still, and only the loving mother waited anxiously and sleeplessly for the boy who was "down street." It was more than ten million miles away from the sweet, old chapter that your father read, down to the stories that you heard, my boy. And what a steep grade, all the way down!

And it was a long, long way from the truth. When you evaded your mother's question, and said you were only "a little way down street" the lie in your false heart looked guiltily out of your eyes as it rose to your cowardly lips. Just see where you were; you, ordinarily a brave, manly, truthful boy, turned into a liar and a coward! You would fight, I know, if any boy called you such names, but just tell yourself the truth; don't lie to yourself. Weren't you ashamed to tell your mother where you were? Yes. Well, doesn't that make you a sneak? And weren't you afraid to tell your father? Yes. Well, what does that make you? And did you tell the honest truth when your mother asked where you were? No. Well, what are you then? And let me tell you that the "half truth" and "half lie" you told your mother is like all half-breeds; it has all the worst traits of the vilest race and none of the virtues of the best.

"But," you say, "a boy doesn't have to go with toughs and riff-raff when he goes "down street"; there are some mighty nice boys go down street at night." My boy, I know it; there are some "mighty nice boys" go out of nights, but they are not so nice when they come back. You can't select your company on the street. The corner is free to everybody. There is no exclusiveness in street company. There is no safe "corner" for you after night except the chimney corner. And when you leave that, and spend the evening on the street, and can give no account of your doings on your return beyond the bald statement that you were "just down street a little ways," we know, with pain and sorrow, that our boy has locked up in his mind and heart, shameful, guilty things that he dare not tell in his home. Keep off the street after night, my boy. Other people will think better of you, and, what is a far more important thing, you will think much better of yourself.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A MAP TO COPY.

If you were asked for the first time to draw a map of South America, you would not sit down, with just a slate and pencil, and draw a map of the way you thought South America ought to look. So with trying to lead a godly life. The life of the Lord Jesus is like a map that we may copy. When we are puzzled to know whether a thing is right or wrong, let us ask, Would Jesus do it? and if our hearts tells us, no, then that is not the thing for us to do.—*Frank Foxcroft.*

As Quickly as He Could:
By Marion Douglas.
I know a little round faced boy
His name is Richard Hill,
A pretty good boy on the whole
And still——
I said to him, the other day,
"As quickly as he could,
To bring up from the kitchen yard,
A basket full of wood."
He had an apple in his hand
He bit it on each cheek;
"Please wait till I have finished this;"
He asked when he could speak.
"But you must go at once," said I,
"When you have eaten that"
He gnawed it to the very core,
Then went to find his hat
He looked around upstairs & down,
For fifteen minutes more;
He found the cat in it asleep,
Upon the woodshed floor.
He stopped & stroked poor Pussy's fur,
And then he came to me,
"Where is the basket for the wood
He said "I cannot see"

very well, because when people show it to me, I know they think I have been a bad little dog.

"I've brought my hamper too. I've slept in it every night since I came to Arlington street. If you'll just let me stay in it two or three nights in one of your chambers, I don't think I shall cry at all; but I'm such a very little dog, and have never been out-doors, that I'm afraid just at first, while things were strange, I should feel homesick and keep you awake by my crying.

"I never get out of it at night, and in the morning I stand up, with my paws on the edge, waiting till somebody takes me. They say I look very pretty then.

"And now, ladies, if you'll kindly have patience with me a few days, until I learn how you want me to behave, I'm sure you will grow fond of me, and think I'm a good little dog, and I shall always be

Your faithful TIP."

—*Harper's Young People.*

TO I. NEVERSTOLE, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am well aware that you are an honest man; for that matter, all your other friends are aware of that fact. No one could be in your presence for ten minutes without hearing you proclaim your integrity. To be sure, I do not know that you are any more honest than the average of men who never brag of it; but then I will give you credit for this virtue. You never told a wilful lie, and you never tapped a till, and you never exchanged a cotton umbrella for a silk one when coming away from a party; and yet, my dear Mr. Neverstole, allow me to whisper in your ear, as a friend, that not all the ten commandments are summed up in the eighth.

There are nine others, remember, each one of enough importance for God to write it with his finger upon a tablet of stone. If your neighbors are to be believed, you are hasty and irascible, and a very prickly, uncomfortable sort of a fellow. Your wife fears you, and your children are ruled with a rod of iron, and your servants never remain in your employ more than a few weeks; and yet you are honest! O, yes, you are honest; if no other virtue were required to unlock the pearly gates, you would undoubtedly have a wide entrance; but, my dear sir, honesty is not by any means the password at which they will fly open.

There is many a bank-robber that can pride himself on his kindness of heart, and many a burglar behind prison bars who never drank a drop of liquor, and many a gambler that loves his children. Now supposing that the bank-robber should say that though, to be sure, he did break the bank, yet he didn't deserve to go to prison, because he gave a turkey to a poor widow last Christmas; and supposing that the burglar should plead that, though it must be admitted that he did break into a house and steal the silver, yet he never was drunk in his life, and therefore he should not be sentenced for burglary; and supposing that a gambler should plead in extenuation of his crimes that he never beat his children, I scarcely think you would justify them; and yet their virtues are just as good a cloak for their crimes, as your much vaunted honesty is for your rancor and ugliness of disposition.

Remember that the same good book that tells you to "provide things honest in the sight of all men" also says, "Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity." Honesty, being alone, is dead, as far as respects winning esteem in this world or honor in the next. Excuse these plain words from your old and faithful friend.—*A. Mossback, in Golden Rule.*

SUCH A MISTAKE.

I once knew a young dog, most aristocratic,
On questions of pedigree quite a fanatic;
He would hold up one paw,
And tell you, "Why, law!
He's the most ill-bred creature that ever I saw;
He doesn't know what his great grandparents were;
He hasn't the spirit of an average cat;
He is nothing at all in the world but a cur,
And the wretchedest kind of a cur at that!"

One day in the drawing-room languidly strolling,
His eyes round in search of acquaintances rolling,
Pray, what should he see
But a dog, whose degree
Was clearly as vulgar and low as could be:
His coat was of dirty white, mottled with yellow
So rough and unkempt, so unlike his own;
He was fat and bow-legged, a most ill-looking fellow,
Of the sort that would quarrel for half a bare bone.

He had, too, a weazened, ill-natured expression,
As though he was suffering acute indigestion.
Said the young dog, "Oh! dear;
How did he get in here?
The footman's neglected his duty, that's clear."
And he growled as he walked away stately and slow:
"Oh! society's come to a terrible pass!"
For how in the world was the young dog to know
'Twas himself he had seen in a long looking glass?

—*Wide Awake.*

TIP'S LETTER.

A TRUE STORY BY MARY J. SAFFORD.

Tip was a pretty little yellow dog, with bright black eyes, black-tipped ears, and a tail that curled in a tight ring, according to the most elegant pug fashion.

He lived in Washington, and was brought to his first home by a little colored girl, whose kinky black hair curled as tight as Tip's tail. She wanted to sell him, she said, because there were four more puppies at home, and her mammy couldn't afford to keep so many dogs. So the bargain was soon made, and the fat little fellow was put in a clothes-hamper for the night. How he did cry! He missed his four brothers and sisters. But he soon grew contented, and learned all sorts of cunning tricks.

When summer came it was very hot in the city, and poor Tip had only a small yard to play in, so his master thought it would be better to send him into the country, and some ladies who kept a school offered to take him.

One fine morning off he went in his hamper, with a letter, which somebody had written for him, tied around his neck.

When he reached the house the children were delighted with their new playfellow, and after they had had a fine romp together, the boys and girls crowded around the teacher to hear her read the letter. She opened it, and began:

"TO MY NEW MISTRESSES,—As I am a little dog only three months old, and can't talk much, I thought I would get somebody to write for me.

"I'm just as good as I know how to be always. But sometimes, when I feel very full of fun, I do like to play bite, and then sometimes my teeth pinch a little, or if you pull away your hands very quick, before I have a chance to open my mouth wide, they scratch. Sometimes, too, when I've been keeping quiet a long time, I like to race up and down or round and round the room just as fast as I can go People who didn't know me might think I had a fit. But it isn't so. I'm just as healthy a little dog as ever lived.

"I've brought my switch with me and if I do anything you don't like, if you just show it to me, up I jump on the first chair or box I can find, and keep as still as a mouse. I've never been whipped with it but once, but I don't like the looks of it

"'Tis where you left it," I replied
And so, in doors & out,
For five & twenty minutes more
He wandering, searched about.
"O now I know!" at last he cried;—
"It all this time has been
Down by the garden; I forgot
To bring the melons in!"
'Twas full of melons when it came;
When they were stowed away
"Now Richard bring the wood at once,"
I said "without delay."
Out in the yard he whistling went,
But there, red, white & blue,
A circus-poster decked the wall,
What could a fellow do,
But snatch, at least, one stolen look
At such a bright display?
When hark! a voice rang o'er the fence,
"Will you trade knives today?" (Tenee)
'Twas Tommy Brown his tones were like
The syrens song of old;
The last coal had to ashes turned,
The stove throughout was cold,
When back came Richard bringing in
His basket full of wood
And said (should you have thought?)
"He'd been
As quickly as he could!"
CIRCUS
Positively
the
Last Night
Tommy Brown

POEM FOR RECITATION.

THE WAY THAT HARRISON DOES.

I'm Harrison's sister, nine years old, my name is Katy Shaw,
And I've got the nicest brother that any one ever saw.
His hair, I know, is a little red, and his nose turns up some too,
But then his teeth are white as snow, and his eyes are just as blue.

He was eleven years old last birthday, but two years older than I,
Though he was born the last of June, while I came Fourth of July.
He always minds father and mother, and he never has seen the day
He was ever too busy, or cross or tired, to amuse our baby May.

And then, the things he does for me, I couldn't begin to tell;
I don't think any one's brother ever treated them half as well;
But I want to tell of some splendid things I've lately seen him do—
Of course he does a great many, but I'll only tell of a few.

Our teacher offered a lovely prize—and Harrison wanted it so—
For the boy who had the whole of the term not a tardy mark to show,
And Harry he hadn't a single mark, and the term had nearly closed,
Till one morning he overslept himself, and a little too late he dozed.

But he knew that if he hurried to school, he'd get there just in time.
Though the bell was ringing slowly—almost at its latest chime.
Now just on the corner below our house, is an apple and peanut stand;
The boys all know where to find it—they think it is perfectly grand.

And the man who always tends it is clumsy, feeble and old,
And somehow this morning 'twas all upset, and the things had everywhere rolled.
The peanuts lay in great big heaps right there in the dusty street,
And the beautiful red-cheeked apples were 'most to the horses' feet.

Now what do you think that Harry does, when the whole of the trouble he sees,
But just gets down and helps the man, right there upon his knees!
And when the bell stopped ringing the tears came into his eyes,
For he knew that very minute, he had lost the lovely prize.

Then little Robbie Wilson—he's the smallest boy in the school,
And he isn't a strong boy, either—one day he broke a rule.
The teacher had got out of patience, said if any one whispered that day
He'd ferule him most severely, and keep him in from his play.

And Robbie he forgot it, and whispered right out shrill,
And so did Tommy Bronson, just when everything was still;
Then when the teacher called them out, Tommy was bold and brave.
He acted as if he didn't care, and didn't mean to behave.

But Robbie trembled and shivered, and almost lost his breath,
He was so terribly frightened his face was as white as death.
Just then my brother Harrison 'rose right up in the aisle,
And walked right down to Robbie's seat—'twas just as still the while—

Then he spoke out plain to the teacher: "Whip me, Oh! please, whip me.
He's such a little fellow, I can stand it better than he."
And the teacher did whip Harry, and let little Robbie go,
And kept my brother in at recess, and there was such a lovely snow.

Then, one day the boys together were all going off to skate,
And were hurrying as if 'twas dinner-time and they feared they would be too late,
When they'd just reached the iciest crossing, an old, old lady stood there,
Poor, and dirty, and feeble, but she had the whitest hair.

She stood, afraid to go over, and Harrison left the crowd,
And went right up close to her, and lifted his cap and bowed.
And then he offered his arm to her as if she had been a queen,
Had been a queen, or mother—I wish that mother had seen,
And he helped her over the crossing, walking just as slow,
And when he turned to leave her, he bowed again ever so low.
Then some boys laughed a little, the rest of 'em just kept still.
She said, "God bless you, Sonny!" I'm sure I think he will.

Now these are only a few of the things he is doing every day.
Folks call him "Gentleman Harry," I would if I were they.
I say again, he's the nicest boy that any one ever saw!
And I'm just as proud as I can be, of my brother Harrison Shaw.

—Emily Baker Smalle, in Pansy.

MY MITE-BOX.

WRITTEN FOR A THANK-OFFERING MEETING.

Some years since, I read in the "Life and Light," that the Woman's Board had mite-boxes, which had been used in some of the Auxiliaries with great success. I had read Mrs. Pickett's struggles with hers, and what a means of grace it afterwards became to her, and I sent for one. At first it did not please me; it was of a homely blue color and would not, as I hoped, be an ornament to any room. But I set it upon my table in my dressing-room, before which I often sit and read.

For some time it remained empty. It did not attract my special notice or associate itself in my mind with any benevolence or thankfulness, but one day there fell into my hands a little story of a lady who tried to introduce a mite-box into her family, first by placing it upon the eating-table, with the suggestion that every time any member of the family spilled anything on the table-cloth he should put a penny in the mite-box. But it gathered little in this way, and the pennies dropped in were by no means cheerfully given, and the sight of this blue box always suggested something disagreeable. So it was soon removed to the mantel and she decided if any one forgot a duty he or she was to contribute to the funds of the mite-box. But after a fair trial this, too, proved not a blessing. It thus seemed quite a failure, until one day her son, a rollicking boy of twelve years, came rushing in the house and, going straight to the mantel, his mother saw him drop in the mite-box a bright silver dollar.

"Why, my son, what does that mean?" she asked.

He replied:

"Just now, papa was standing with Dick Preston's father at the side of the new house he is building. They finished their talk and in less than three minutes after they separated a large timber fell from the staging and killed Mr. Preston. I was so thankful that papa escaped, I felt as if I must give something to somebody and so put my whole dollar into the mite-box. I wish it had been a hundred instead of one, but it was all I had."

From that time on the little blue box became a reminder of oft-repeated mercies or trials averted, and so a blessing to the whole family.

After seeing this story I read with new interest the mottoes on the ends and top of my box. "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me?" seemed a question directed to me personally, and "Freely ye have received, freely give," had a new meaning. "The field is the world," and "Go teach all nations," seemed spoken to me. So I, too, became quite reconciled to the little blue box, and the opening in the top seemed, every time I looked at it, to be asking if some blessing had not come to me. Thus I began to recount my daily mercies and they multiply so fast that I am in danger of becoming bankrupt.

I heard of a friend to whom a great sorrow came. Ought I not to be thankful it was not my lot so to suffer? The blue box shall receive a token of my thankfulness.

Another friend was prostrated by disease, so that she could do nothing for herself and the trial was oh, so hard to bear. How thankful I was that health is spared to me.

Walking in the street one day I met a young man staggering on the sidewalk from the effect of strong drink. Why was it not my boy? How can I be thankful enough. My little blue box shall grow fuller for this blessing given to me and denied the mother of this misguided youth.

One Sabbath, as my pastor was urging the claims of the Gospel upon his audience, my heart went out in such fervent prayer that his words might reach the heart of some one who had not yet yielded to its claims, that I felt sure the seed sown that day would spring up and bear fruit to the glory of God, and so it did—that very week tokens for good came to me from an unexpected source, perhaps not in answer to my prayer, but by the blessing of God on the word spoken, and again the mite-box received its token of another mercy.

The increased advantages that have come into the lives of the young people of our town, and the cheerful readiness with which the girls and boys are falling into line at the will of their teachers, warms my heart, and has led me more than once with a tone of thankfulness and a prayer to the blue box on the table.

A new face at the prayer-meeting and a new voice in prayer and praise gave joy to my heart and an added gift went into the mite-box.

And thus I find my mercies are "new every morning, fresh every evening, and repeated every moment." "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"

I cannot pay him, but I can show my love for him and recognition of his favors by these simple tokens—and who knows?—the contents of my little blue box may buy one copy of the Gospel story of Christ's love for sinners, and pay its way across the sea to a dweller in heathen lands. Its teachings may bring life and light to one darkened soul for whom Christ died, and is there not "joy in heaven even over one sinner that repenteth?"

"Master, I have not strength to serve thee much
'Tis but a little I can do;
O, let thy mighty, multiplying touch
Even to me, the miracle renew.
Let this, my thank-offering, by thy power
A blessing be, from this glad hour."

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

KEEP A CLEAN RECORD.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

Had it been in the power of John B. Gough, the prince of temperance orators, to choose his parting message to the world, nothing more beautiful or fitting could have been selected than the thrilling sentence he uttered as he sank unconscious on the platform, "Young men, keep your record clean."

The importance of living up to this advice was strikingly illustrated by an incident that recently occurred in one of our great cities. Robert Fulton, a student in the Theological Seminary, was arrested on the grave charge of bank-robbery. Though no one had seen him commit the deed, many had noticed him enter the bank, and as it was at the noon-hour no other visitors had been observed in the vicinity. When the bank officials returned they found the cashier lying on his face in an unconscious condition, the safe door open and a large amount of money gone. Young Fulton admitted that he had gone into the bank on an errand, but declared that he had remained only long enough to transact his business, and that the cashier had walked with him to the door when he left. On the other hand, the cashier insisted that after waiting on the young man some one from behind dealt him a blow which felled him to the floor and for a time rendered him unconscious.

There were but three persons in the city who had been acquainted with young Fulton previous to the time he entered the Seminary, and without knowing how they could serve him he asked to have them summoned on the day of trial.

The first one, a respectable shoemaker, testified that he had known the prisoner when a boy, and that he had been regarded as an honest, upright boy. Said he, "No one in the little town of Camden would have ever thought of doubting Robbie Fulton's word, for he was always regarded as a lad who told the truth."

The next witness was a minister, who had taught in the academy where the young man had received part of his early education. He had known him as a youth of unblemished character. During his academical course he had kept a clean record, and among old and young had been considered perfectly reliable.

The last of the three old acquaintances was a college friend—one who had known him intimately in his strong young manhood, and his testimony was that in all his college career he had kept himself unspotted from the world.

The Faculty of the Seminary and the students with whom he mingled daily, as with one voice, bore witness of his faithfulness to duty, and singular pureness of life.

After reviewing the evidence briefly, the judge pronounced him "Not guilty." In concluding his remarks, the man of the law paid this delicate compliment to young Fulton:

"My young friend, you may thank your clean record for this decision. The circumstantial evidence is all against you, but no one who has borne such a spotless reputation throughout his boyhood, youth, and manhood could be so transformed in a few minutes of time as to commit such a grave crime. Would that all young men could boast of such an irreproachable character."

Presbyterian Record.

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